



THE STAGE

pass judgment on many offerings which have already been served up to West End Audiences.

PLAYS THAT PLEASED LONDON.

The London theatrical season, which is at its height in the late spring and early summer, invariably casts shadows ahead on the dramatic year that begins in New York the following autumn. This may not continue indefinitely, for the English play supply is becoming more and more a matter of serious concern to managers across the water, while our native output has recently taken an encouraging spurt. In fact, during the coming winter American playwrights will be represented on many London stages. However, one's present concern is with existing conditions, and before snow flies Broadway will

The most popular play of the London year was undoubtedly "The Second in Command," written by Robert Marshall, author of "A Royal Family," and brought out by Cyril Maude's stock company at the Haymarket. While it lacks the abundance of "smart" speeches that lent such sparkle to Captain Marshall's other military comedy, "His Excellency the Governor," it contains more of real human nature. The army element is very much to the fore in it. Although the Boer war is dragging along to the end of its second year, the English still take deep interest in martial themes, and this clever playwright has reckoned with his host in giving the British public its fill of Tommy Atkins.



JULIE OPP, PLAYING "MARITA" WITH WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "A ROYAL RIVAL."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.



LILY HANBURY AS "MARITA" IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "A ROYAL RIVAL."

From her latest photograph by Ellis & Walery, London.



IRVING BROOKS, WITH KATHERINE OSTERMAN IN VAUDEVILLE.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



EMMA CAMPBELL, IN THE PIKE THEATER STOCK COMPANY, CINCINNATI.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.



H. REEVES SMITH, WHO CREATED "CAPTAIN JINKS," NOW STARRING IN "A BRACE OF PARTRIDGES."

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

Cyril Maude, who created the hero in London, is short in stature, and plays the part with a lisp which he used as *Lord*

Bapchild in "The Maneuvers of Jane." It was he who enacted the title rôle in the London presentation of "The Little



LILY BRAYTON, WHO PLAYED "VIOLA" WITH BEERBOHM TREE IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co., London.



JOBYNA HOWLAND, APPEARING IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE MESSENGER BOY."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

Minister." Of course self sacrifice is a much worn theme, but Mr. Marshall manages to make the plot seem novel by making policy and inclination dovetail in the heroine's marriage plans. He then proceeds to build his complication atop of this apparently happy outcome in the shape of the disturbing conscience of a marplot brother. After engaging herself to the major, whom she does not love, in order to oblige her aunt, on whose charity she suddenly finds that she has been subsisting, this obliging young woman breaks with her fiancé to accept his superior officer, a man whom she does love, and whose influence can pull her brother out of dire straits. This proceeding would have cut the piece short in the third act had not the precious brother, ignorant of the true state of his sister's heart, imagined that she was throwing over the major simply as an act of sisterly self sacrifice. He straightway attempts to set matters right by making a clean breast of things to the colonel.

All this is pleasingly set forth in the play, whose third act closes strong, only to give place to a final one which limps sadly by contrast. It is conventional and dull. The real lovers are reunited, and the major gets the Victoria cross as a consolation prize; but, though this satisfies the audience, a sense of something missing will not down. One would prefer the actual sight of *Muriel* and the colonel making the discovery that each is true to the other, instead of having it come about "off stage." However, the dramatist has captured success with his three acts, in this respect closely resembling Clyde Fitch, so possibly it would be greedy to demand more. Moreover, the play is thoroughly clean.

In striking contrast to the petering out of "The Second in Command," is the finale to "The Wilderness," wherein the



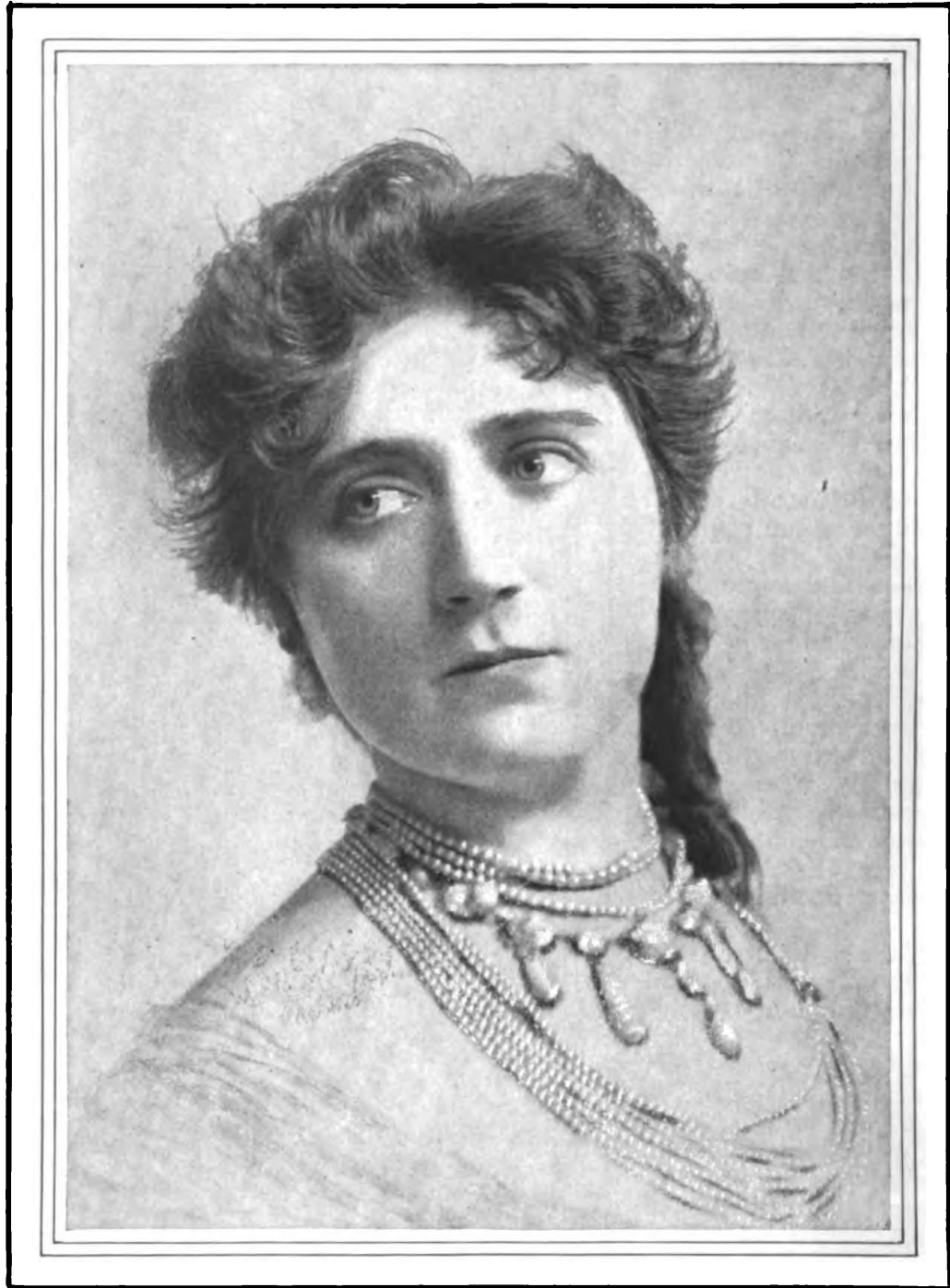
JAMES K. HACKETT, AS "DON CESAR DE BAZAN" IN HIS NEW PLAY "DON CESAR'S RETURN," FOUNDED ON THE SAME THEME AS "A ROYAL RIVAL."

Drawn from a photograph by Frank, New York.

real interest does not begin until after eleven o'clock. This is the play written by the young English actor, H. V. Esmond, as the successor to his "When We Were Twenty One," brought out in New York by Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott, who introduce it to London this fall. "The Wilderness" was put forward about

Easter by George Alexander at his St. James' Theater, and he found in it his first drawing card in two seasons.

in this case she does not discover that she really loves him, until afterwards. The background of the two plays, however, is



BLANCHE WALSH, STARRING IN "JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND."

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.

In some respects the plot resembles that of "The Second in Command." There are a rich suitor and a poor one, and the heroine marries the rich man, although

very different. Mr. Esmond has aimed to give his story an idyllic tinge by laying his second act in the heart of a wood, with a fairies' ring and two children to





SHERIDAN BLOCK, WHO WAS THE FRENCH KING, WITH MANSFIELD IN "HENRY V."

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.



LISLE LEIGH, OF THE KEITH STOCK COMPANY, PROVIDENCE.

From a photograph by Stein, Milwaukee.



JOHN C. RICE AS "FRANK PERRY" IN THE FARCE "ARE YOU A MASON?"

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.



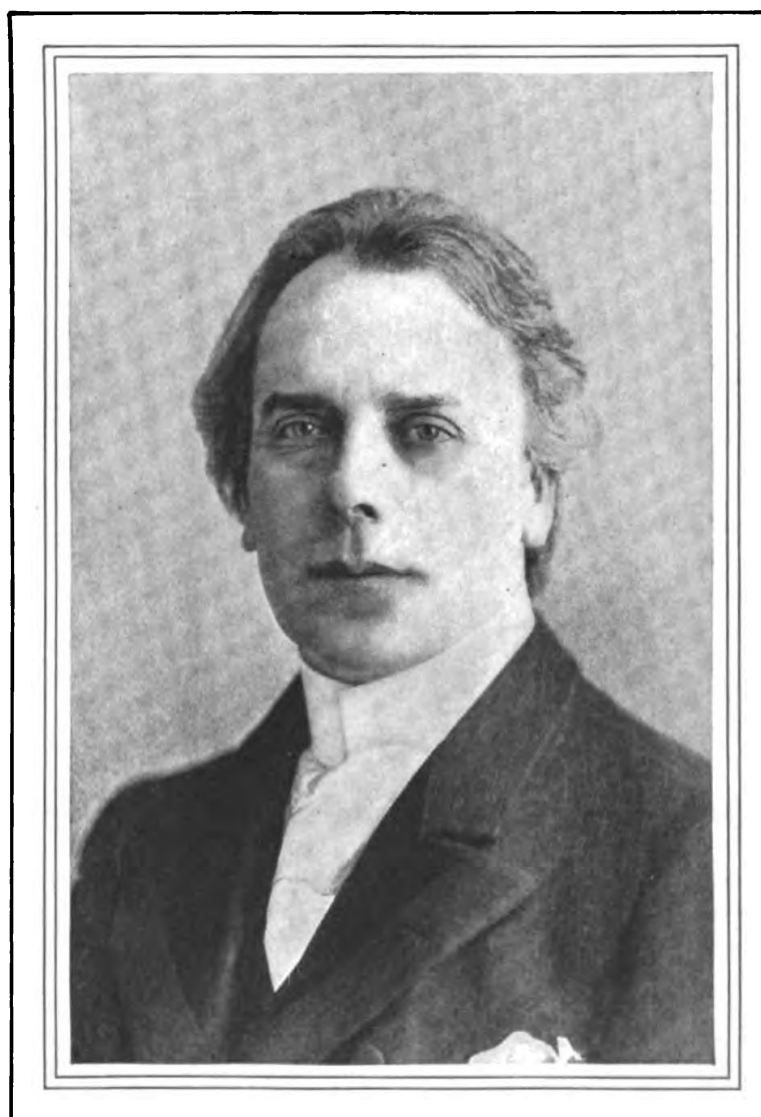
ELECTA GIFFORD, AN AMERICAN WHO HAS ACHIEVED SUCCESS IN OPERA ABROAD.

From a photograph by Ford, Madison.



EDWIN T. EMERY, LEADING JUVENILE AT THE ALCAZAR, SAN FRANCISCO.

From his latest photograph by Uchiyama, San Francisco.



E. S. WILLARD, THE ENGLISH ACTOR WHO TALKS OF BUILDING A THEATER IN LONDON IN ORDER THAT HE MAY OWN THE RIGHTS TO PLAYS IN THE UNITED STATES.

From his latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



ADELAIDE NORWOOD, A FAVORITE SOPRANO OF THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY.

Drawn from her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.



GRACE DUDLEY, ONE OF THE MANY PRETTY GIRLS IN "FLORODORA."

Drawn from a photograph by Marceau, New York.

play about it; but the boy and girl of "The Wilderness" do not escape the suspicion of having been lugged in by the heels simply to please the fancy of the man who sets the puppets on the wires. Far more entertaining are the old lady and her son of the first act, who serve no other purpose in the plot than to afford the heroine a chance to impress the former into service as a chaperon at the tea

room. But the episode is cleverly handled, and without it the introductory scene would be dull indeed.

The Empire stock is likely to get "The Wilderness," and George Alexander's part ought to fit Richman like a glove. What Margaret Anglin will do with the opposite rôle is more of a problem. The girl is of the ingénue type, with no opportunity to wallow on the floor and tear a

passion to tatters. Miss Anglin might serve better as the somewhat stately *Muriel Mannering* of "The Second in Command," but that play was claimed on sight by John Drew. Both pieces leave a pleasant taste in one's mouth, and are of the sort that one would be likely to recommend one's friends not to miss.

Not so much can be said for "Sweet and Twenty." Its story twangs the much

thumbed string of the love of two brothers for one woman, and Basil Hood, the author, does not seek out variations on his theme, as Marshall and Esmond have done, either by making the woman an unworthy one, or by bestowing her on the elder brother, in defiance of stage-land's traditions. The child crops out prominently in this play, too. Indeed, almost all the humor is of the childish



MARIE STUDHOLME, NOW APPEARING AS "DORA SELBY," IN "THE TOREADOR," THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE LONDON GAIETY.

From her latest photograph by Ellis & Walery, London. Digitized by Google

type. The entire story leaves the impression of a curtain raiser whose ingredients have been passed under a heavy rolling

more of him. It was his hand that shaped the 'tiresome story of "The Rose of Persia," and yet, in spite of the dis-



GRACE ELLISTON, WHO WAS THE SECRETARY IN "THE TYRANNY OF TEARS" AND "WINIFRED YESTER" IN "THE SHADES OF NIGHT."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

pin in order that they may spread over three acts.

Those Americans who know Basil Hood's work have little reason to expect

astrous failure of that alleged comic opera, his latest outrage in the musical line, "The Emerald Isle," has been bought for America, doubtless with the



hope that Arthur Sullivan's posthumous score will win favor for it. It must be the regard which Londoners have for the dead composer which caused this dull concoction to run through the summer at the Savoy, the home of "Patience" and "The Mikado." Its fate in New York would seem to be sealed unless, from patriotic motives, the Irish contingent will rally to its support. The score, completed by Edward German, is commonplace, and the book, where it is not unspeakably silly, is very dull.

The first of the London plays to be presented to American audiences is "A Royal Rival," in which Lewis Waller made a hit last spring. Mr. Frohman at once secured the American rights for Faversham. The piece is showy and well calculated to put its leading man in the best possible light. Waller filled the swashbuckling rôle admirably, a good singing voice materially assisting him. What Faversham will do in this respect remains to be proven, as these lines are written before the piece sees the American footlights.

The scene is in Spain, and in the first act *Don Cæsar de Bazan* is under sentence of death by hanging for fighting a duel in Holy Week. Meantime the king has become enamored of a gipsy street singer, *Marita*, and his chief minister, *Don Jose*, secretly in love with the queen, is anxious to further the acquaintance between the gipsy and his majesty, which may help him with his own *amour*. He plans to bring her near to the king by giving her a place in the queen's service; but to enter the royal household a girl must be of noble rank, and this is the problem confronting *Don Jose* when the arrest of *Don Cæsar* suggests a solution. The wily minister assures *Marita* that her ambition for a place in the queen's household shall be fulfilled if she will simply marry a man for his title. He then goes to *Don Cæsar*, smarting under the ignominy of meeting death by hanging instead of musket shot, and offers to procure him a soldier's taking off if he will consent to wed a woman closely veiled, and to ask no questions about it. Seeing in this something to gain and nothing to lose, the young nobleman consents, and, being a devil may care sort of blade, enters upon the preparations for the ceremony with a certain grim humor that makes effective stage business. But while he is roystering with the soldiers who are to shoot him, the young apprentice who has brought him to this sorry pass (it was *Don Cæsar's* championship

of the lad against the cruelty of his master that led to the duel) manages to extract the bullets from the muskets à la "Secret Service"—or rather it should be the other way round, the original "*Don Cæsar de Bazan*" antedating the Gillette play by several years.

Behold *Don Cæsar*, then, in the next act, a married man supposed to be dead, and the king masquerading as *Don Cæsar* in order to win the favor of the fair *Marita*. But the real *Don Cæsar*, meeting the latter out driving with another lady, promptly loses his heart to her, and on inquiry learns that she is the *Countess de Bazan*. He goes at once to the palace of the *Marquis of Montefiore*, where he finds she is staying, and here, meeting *Don Jose*, he demands his wife. The minister passes off the unprepossessing *Marchioness of Montefiore* as the bride, and *Don Cæsar*, glad to be rid of her, is about to accept a sum of money to depart when *Marita* chances to pass through the room and *Don Cæsar* hears her addressed as *Countess de Bazan*. Discovering the trick that has been played upon him, he precipitates a lively scene, in which *Don Jose* is held up at the point of a pistol. In the last act *Don Cæsar* rescues *Marita* from the toils of the king by exposing *Don Jose's* designs upon the queen, and a happy ending follows.

Henry Irving's season, which opened at Easter and closed on July 20, was devoted for the most part to repertoire. His new production, "*Coriolanus*," made only a minor impression; but he had little reason to complain of the support given to the old favorites. These included "*The Lyons Mail*," "*Waterloo*" and "*The Bells*," "*Louis XI*," and "*The Merchant of Venice*"; also the revival of Wills' "*Charles I*." The last can scarcely be counted on to gain such approval in New York as was accorded to it in London, where just now anything appertaining to the majesty which doth hedge an English king seems to find an attentive public. Although he cannot light on a suitable new play, Irving is still the idol of London theatergoers. There is a rounded out completeness to the applause at the Lyceum seldom heard in an American house, and cheers mingle with the handclapping.

A new comedy over which London has been laughing heartily, but for which New York may have to wait some time, is "*The Man from Blankley's*." It is the work of F. Anstey, author of so many fantastic tales. Charles Hawtrey, whose methods are somewhat akin to those of

William Gillette, produced it last spring, as a successor to "A Message from Mars." The story of "Blankley's" turns on a dinner party, the first act showing the arrival of the guests, the second being entirely occupied with the serving of the dinner itself, while the third transports the action back to the drawingroom. Blankley's is supposed to be to London what the big department stores are to New York and Chicago, and the "man" is an individual who is hired there at the eleventh hour to take the place of a missing guest. The fun of the comedy, however, is derived not from this convenient arrangement, but from the fact that the fourteenth individual turns out to be not a hired guest at all, but a "real live lord" who intended to dine next door but mistook the house.

As presented at the Prince of Wales', the piece is almost faultlessly cast, and it is well that this is so. Situations are few and far between, and success depends on the actors. Mr. Hawtrey is, of course, the supposititious man from Blankley's, and Fanny Brough, pleasantly remembered by Americans for her work in "My Daughter in Law," leaves nothing to be desired as the hostess who keeps a careful eye on the hired guest, whispering him directions as to what wine he may take, and so on. The child, who appears to be in high favor with the English playwright just now, is the eight year old daughter of this lady, who is admitted to dessert and who precipitates the beginning of the end.

It is probable that America will have the chance to pass judgment upon another English comedy which focuses on a social gathering. "The Night of the Party" recalls faintly Henry Arthur Jones' "The Lackey's Carnival," tried by Charles Frohman in his London theater about a year ago. But the Jones piece was a decided failure, whereas this new farcical comedy by Weedon Grossmith has enjoyed a prosperous transatlantic run. The "party" is given at midnight by *Crosbie*, valet to *Frank Frayne*, in the latter's bachelor apartments. As might be expected in farcical land, *Frayne* returns unexpectedly as the function is at its height, and at the same time a certain *Lady Hampshire*, living unhappily with her husband, also appears, to announce that she has left her liege lord for good and all, and to ask her dear friend *Frayne* to advise her what to do next. Their talk is overheard by various "gentlemen's gentlemen," concealed hastily in different niches of the room, and the rest of the piece is taken up with the efforts of these gentry to trade on the information they

have thus unexpectedly acquired. As *Lady Hampshire* has meanwhile gone back to her husband, trouble of serious dimensions may be looked for at any minute. Matters are further involved by *Crosbie's* habit of impersonating his master, but the play winds up with a clever last act, in which disaster is averted through master becoming man in turn.

The valet is played by the author of the farce, a brother of George Grossmith, of monologue renown. He is as smooth tongued a rascal as ever carried a napkin under his arm, and he has found some capital companions, especially in *Flambert*, late servant to a duke, who prates about "servatorial" duties and privileges as one might of the prerogatives of the crown.

NEW MUSICAL COMEDIES, FOREIGN AND HOME MADE.

"The Toreador" is the Gaiety's successor to "The Messenger Boy." Judging by the interest Londoners have taken in it since its production last June, its lease of life is likely to be as long as that of the one "Boy" and the various "Girls" that have preceded it—that is to say, somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty months. The Spanish background furnishes an excuse for picturesqueness in the costuming, and, while the story is not as clear as that of "The Runaway Girl," nor as clever as "The Circus Girl," nor as dainty as "San Toy," there is sufficient thread of entertainment on which to hang clever lyrics set to catchy tunes. As to the latter, the impression of a single hearing notes the lack of special favorites, such as "Only a Bit of String," "Follow the Man from Cook's," "Listen to the Band," and "Rhoda," to attract another visit; nevertheless, the average of the numbers is bright and well turned.

As to the fun, this revolves about a footman, played in London by Edmund Payne, who is of about the same stature as James T. Powers, to whom the part will fall when done in America, possibly next season. In accepting a pass entitling him to enter Spain, he finds that he has transformed himself from *Sammy Gigg*, an English tiger out of a job, into *Carajola*, a renowned Spanish toreador, with an engagement to slay sundry vicious bulls soon after his arrival at Villaya, to which the scene changes from a flower shop in Biarritz. His awful funk at the prospect, masked under an effort to be bold, recalls Hopper in "El Capitán."

The heroine is *Dora Selby*, a ward in chancery, played by Marie Studholme, of whom a portrait is herewith presented. Miss Studholme visited America some few years ago as the main feature of "An Artist's Model," a musical comedy of which she indeed proved to be the sole prop. As will be apparent from the picture, she has lost none of her good looks.

"The Silver Slipper" is the rather commonplace name of the new extravaganza designed to duplicate the run of "Florodora." Put on at the same theater, the Lyric, the work of the same author and composer, and with the same man, Willie Edouin, for leading comedian, few more carefully planned efforts to make the lightning of success strike in the same spot have gone into theatrical annals. And, if one is to judge by attendance, popular favor appears to have rewarded the attempt.

"Florodora's" laurels were won by that double sextet, of which everybody thinks whenever the opera is mentioned. There is absolutely nothing of the sort in "The Silver Slipper." Of the two endeavors to supply its place, the one falls absolutely flat, while the other, six French girls at a restaurant who tap the bells on the tables with their feet and flirt with the waiters, possesses that taint of vulgarity whose absence was one of the chief charms of the sprightly "Florodora."

The story of the play is thin to attenuation. The scene opens at Shallamar Hall, a college for young men and maidens presided over by a rich and eccentric professor, whose hobby is the study of the planets. Through his telescope he discovers excitement in Venus, and then a mysterious silver slipper is picked up. The scene shifts for a few minutes to Venus itself, showing a court of justice convened there to mete out suitable punishment to one *Stella*, found guilty of peering at Earth and the men thereon. According to the librettist, Owen Hall, Venus is peopled solely by women. *Stella* is banished to Earth and sentenced to remain there until she has found the slipper she has dropped.

There is absolutely no reason why she could not have done this at once, except that it would have finished the play in the early part of the evening. What she does is to fall in love with a nephew of the astronomer, who forthwith loses his heart to *Wrenne*, daughter of *Samuel Twanks*, ex riding master and present charlatan, the rôle which falls to Willie Edouin.

The second act—there are but two—is taken up with the efforts of this trickster

to make a living at fairs by exhibiting the visitor from Venus. She, however, runs away from him in pursuit of *Berkeley Shallamar*, who gets into trouble with *Wrenne* in consequence. When a quarter past eleven has been duly reached, *Twanks* simply hands *Stella* her slipper and she returns to Venus, to the regret of nobody, least of all the audience, to most of whom she has proved a distinct bore from first to last.

Meantime, at the London Daly's "San Toy" plays on to bigger business than ever, although it is now in its third year. "Three Little Maids," which had been secured to succeed it, has been shunted to the new Apollo Theater, with Edna May as one of the trio. It certainly seems odd that with so many good American comedies as we are now turning out, when it comes to a cross between comedy and comic opera, we must hand the palm to England. The latest attempt to succeed on British lines is found in "The Liberty Belles," for which the indefatigable Harry B. Smith stands sponsor, and which concerns itself with schoolgirls and their lovers. One of the latter is Cyril Scott, as an Annapolis cadet, and another, little John Slavin, as a college boy, with Etta Butler and Sandol Milliken for the leading *Belles*. Taking a tip from England, the music has been supplied by several composers, so that something altogether different from the old time Casino musical comedy may be expected at the Madison Square.

It was a musical comedy adapted from the German by this same Harry B. Smith that kept the Knickerbocker Theater open all summer. But credit can scarcely be awarded to Mr. Smith for this, nor would it be quite honest to assert that Francis Wilson's drolleries accomplished the feat. As some one in the audience was heard to observe: "Mr. Wilson works too hard for his points nowadays." This may be due to the fact that his voice has grown stiller and smaller than ever, for which, of course, he is to be commiserated rather than criticised. Still, he is a thrifty person, and must have salted down a goodly sum. No one need be surprised to see Wilson's "positively last performances" announced within a year or so. Eddie Foy, as the bibbling jailer, perhaps captured more laughs than any other one feature of "The Strollers," but without doubt the public took most kindly to the choruses. These Ludwig Englander managed to make particularly catchy, which is all that an American summer audience cares about.